

FEBRUARY 10, 1921  
VOL. 77

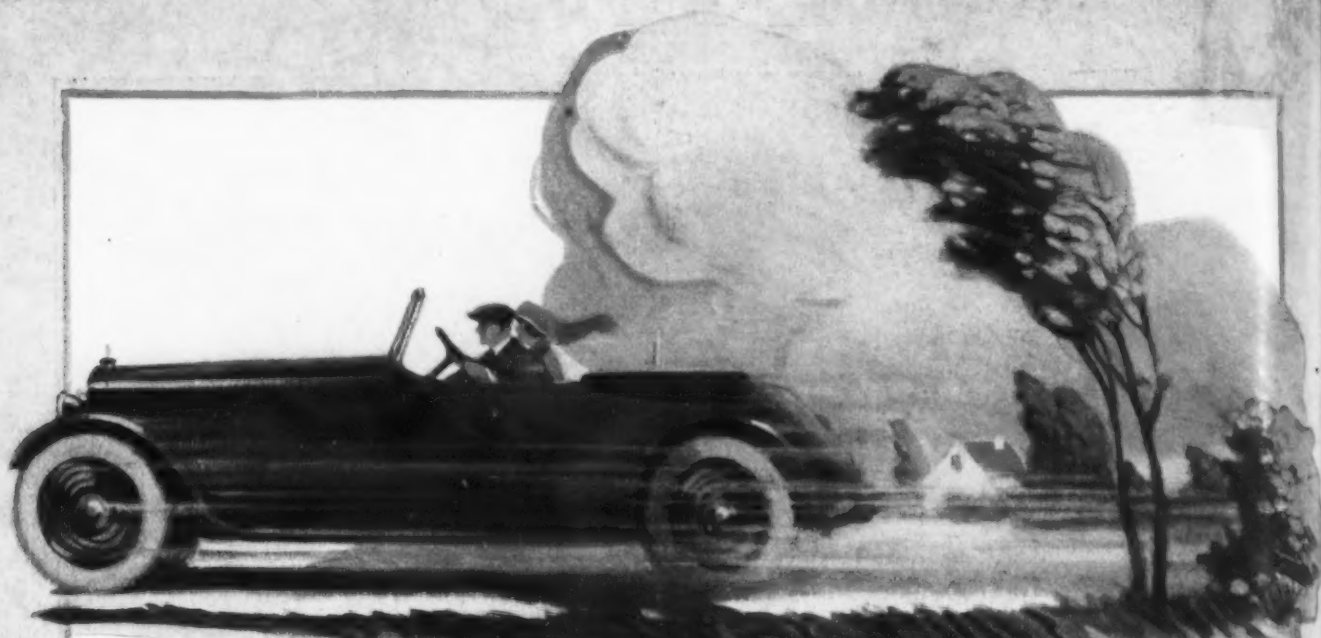
# Life

PRICE 15 CENTS  
NO. 1997



F.X. Leyendecker

*"Birds of a Feather"*



## No matter how fast you travel

It isn't speed nor power that counts so much, as ability to STOP... the unexpected often happens. A blind turn, steep hill, pedestrian in the road, or thoughtless motorist. All these things may mean STOP quickly, or slow down. That's why the wise motorist looks to his *brake lining*. He avoids ordinary, doubtful lining. He buys Raybestos—sturdy, strong, dependable Raybestos that STOPS the car when necessary. Drive carefully—faster if you will—but STOP when you must—with *genuine* Raybestos. And remember, it's guaranteed to wear one year. The genuine has a Silver Edge.

# Silver Edge Raybestos



### THE RAYBESTOS COMPANY

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## What Is He Looking At?

See Next Week's *LIFE*

The picture that heads this column is one figure of the complete center-page Gibson drawing you will see in the next issue. It is number two in the Gibson series that begins in this number you are now looking at, entitled

*People We Can Get Along  
Without*

*Coming!*

Feb. 17—*Going South Number*  
Palm Beach, Ahoy!

Feb. 24—*Geo. Washington on the Cover*  
Inside?—Wait and see.

March 3—*The 2000th Number*  
Something purely personal.

March 10—*Naughty Number*  
Oh, dear!

March 17—*Easter Number*  
Fun, fashion and frivolity.

### Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.20, Foreign \$1.40). Send *LIFE* for three months beginning with the first issue in March.

P. S. The esteemed B. O. obeyed that horrid impulse and cut us down this week to this space. But we shall rise again.



105  
Open only to new subscribers; no subscriptions renewed at this rate.

*LIFE*, 17 West 31st Street, New York.

One Year, \$5.00.

(Canadian, \$5.80; Foreign, \$6.60.)



## A BROAD VISION OF THE COMMERCIAL FIELD

The volume of commercial business carried on here as well as the years of experience we have had in serving the banking requirements of those engaged in trade and industry, have given us a clear understanding of their needs and a broad vision of the commercial field.

Mercantile and industrial concerns, whether large or small, will find us readily helpful in matters of trade and credit information, thorough and consistent in counsel and adequately equipped to conduct all banking transactions involved in their business.

*You are cordially invited  
to consult with us.*

**The CONTINENTAL and  
COMMERCIAL  
BANKS**  
CHICAGO

OVER \$55,000,000 INVESTED CAPITAL





## SCIENTIFIC LAWN CARE

The smooth, beautiful, velvety lawns are those that are cared for scientifically. Where the sod is kept well rolled and the grass cut at intervals frequent enough to prevent too long a growth.

The Ideal Power Lawn Mower makes the care of large lawns a simple and easy matter. Large areas of grass are cut without effort and at small cost.

Moreover, as the Ideal is a *power roller* as well as a *power mower*, the sod is kept smooth and firm; and harmful lawn pests are discouraged against invasion.

Furnished either with or without riding trailer; also special cutting unit for putting greens. Everyone interested in lawn care should write for a copy of our large illustrated catalog.

**Ideal Power Lawn Mower Co.**

R. E. OLDS, Chairman  
408 Kalamazoo St. Lansing, Mich.  
*Dealers in all principal cities*

*W. P. Simpson Estate, Overbrook, Pa.*

**IDEAL POWER LAWN MOWER**

*Does the work of*

*five hand mowers*

## "Almendares"

### HAVANA

Cuba's Newest, Most Exclusive Hotel

In the suburbs of Havana overlooking the ocean, close to Havana Country, and Yacht Clubs, the Grand Casino, Bathing Beach and Race Track.

Modern in construction, yet romantic and artistic; patios, fountains, tropical gardens, marble floored tea and dancing pavilions, out of doors. Beautiful and luxurious decorations and furnishings. All the alluring atmosphere and color of the tropics; and the gay, fascinating life of Spain's old capital in the new world. Cuisine and service of Metropolitan excellence. Direct wire with New York Stock Exchange by Mendoza & Company, Cuban members.

Under the management of Henry Albert, formerly of The Homestead, Virginia Hot Springs, Va., and the Wardman Park Hotel, Washington.

Opened Christmas Day, 1920. Now in the height of its season. Open all the year. For reservations, address

**HOTEL ALMENDARES**

MARIANO, HAVANA, CUBA

**THE** long and intimate understanding of men's needs explains the Stetson feeling for Style.

The little extra one pays is forgotten quickly in the pure, unadulterated satisfaction one gets in wearing Stetson Quality.

Style, Quality and Sound Money's Worth assured by the Stetson Label in each Hat.

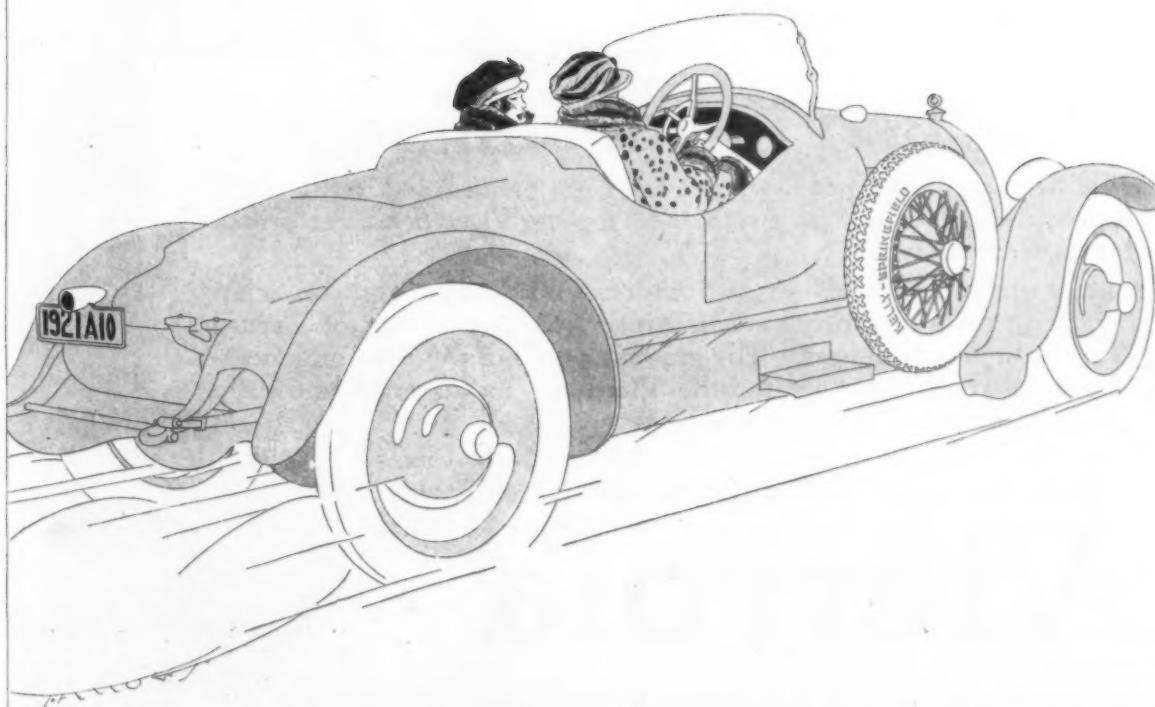
JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY  
Philadelphia

# STETSON



*The Débutante:* I DON'T SEE WHY THEY RAVE OVER THAT PAINTING. WHY, THAT DRESS IS HOPELESSLY OUT OF STYLE.





*"Aren't you afraid to take these long trips alone, Ethel? What in the world do you do when you have tire trouble?"*

*"I don't have any, my dear. You see, I use Kelly-Springfields."*

A large, detailed black and white portrait of Enrico Caruso, a man with dark hair and a serious expression, wearing a suit and bow tie. The portrait is the central focus of the upper half of the advertisement.

## Caruso immortalized

A vast heritage of arts and literature has been bequeathed to the world by the passing centuries, but it remained for the Victrola to perform a similar service for music.

It has bridged the oblivion into which both singer and musician passed. The voice of Jenny Lind is forever stilled, but that of Caruso will live through all the ages. The greatest artists of the present generation have recorded their art for the Victrola, and so established the enduring evidence of their greatness.

There are Victrolas from \$25 to \$1500. New Victor Records on sale at all dealers on the 1st of each month.

# Victrola

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

## Victor Talking Machine Co.

Camden, New Jersey



This trademark and the trademarked word "Victrola" identify all our products. Look under the lid! Look on the label!

VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO.  
Camden, N. J.



### Lincoln

SURELY upon his shoulders, gaunt and worn,  
The seamless garment touched, invisibly!  
Surely he came upon Gethsemane!  
And was there not one single piercing thorn  
From that dark wreath of anguish, for his brow?  
Within that grail of bitterness, we know  
Was held one drop that he alone must drain—  
And from the crowd the stinging jibe again,  
With lurking thrust that sped him to his fate;  
Friend of the friendless, meek, compassionate—  
Ours be the tragic loss, the haunting thought,  
"He dwelt amongst us—and we knew him not!"

Laura Simmons.

ALWAYS leave where you are in such a way that, when you return, there is nothing else to do but come back.

### The Logician Speaks

THE Pilgrims came to America that they might worship God as they pleased and, as descendants, we inherit the self-same right, and interference from any source will not be tolerated. We deny the right of others to make a day of pleasure of the Sabbath, as not in keeping with the surroundings we require for our divine worship. We denounce, as morally destructive, automobiles, newspapers, moving pictures and all other sources of entertainment which tend to make of the Sabbath other than a day of listless, dreary gloom.

The place for these pleasure-lovers is in Church; we demand their appearance and if we cannot bring them to it otherwise we can legislate.

We'll show them that we can worship God as we please.

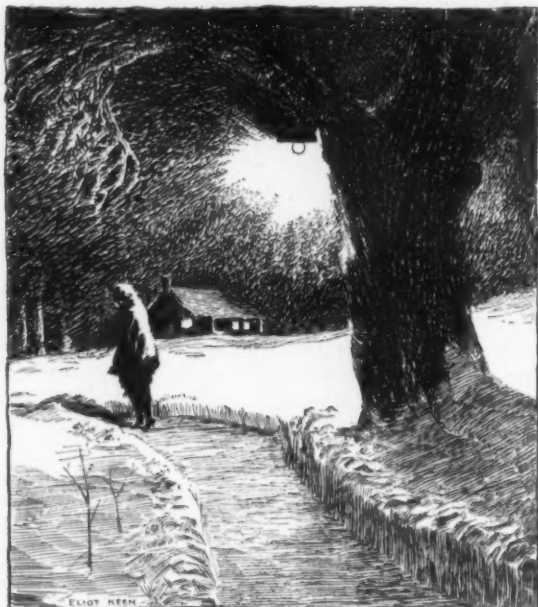
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"GEE! BILLY, AIN'T WOMEN THE LIMIT NOWADAYS?"





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We believe those offenders are in greater evidence in the cities than in the small towns, where "folks" are more or less intimate with one another and more regardful of their neighbors. In New York the offense is rank and smells to heaven. If we may judge from appearances, most of the people who visit New York from other parts of the country are in their seats at the play in ample time. It remains for the New Yorkers themselves who have dined late to assume that they have the sacrosanct privilege of straggling in when they please, stumbling over perfectly good spectators in the dark without the slightest regard for anybody. Even in Germany they sternly forbid this sort of thing. If New Yorkers are so feebly mannered as to be unable to set an example to the rest of the country, the theatrical managers should have courage enough to insist that those who do not arrive until after the curtain rises be made to stand outside until the first act is over. We have removed the ladies' hats—why not make short work of the latecomer?

Then there is the cheeky person who instructs his secretary to call you over the telephone and to be sure that you are on the wire yourself before he leisurely condescends to talk to you about something which quite likely is a matter that concerns him more than it does you. We submit to this sort of thing because, being Americans, we are disciplined to submit to almost everything and because many of us are too busy or too timid to risk the charge of being churlish.

There is something to be said for the clean-cut bore, because his method is so simple and invariable that it is possible to take defensive measures against him in advance. But how about the speaker at the banquet who usually comes between the others and who—in spite of the discreet warnings of the committee in charge—runs on and on forever and forever, wholly unmindful of the sporting principle that when you have your victim completely at a disadvantage, you are in duty bound to restore to him his chance of life?

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## Compensation

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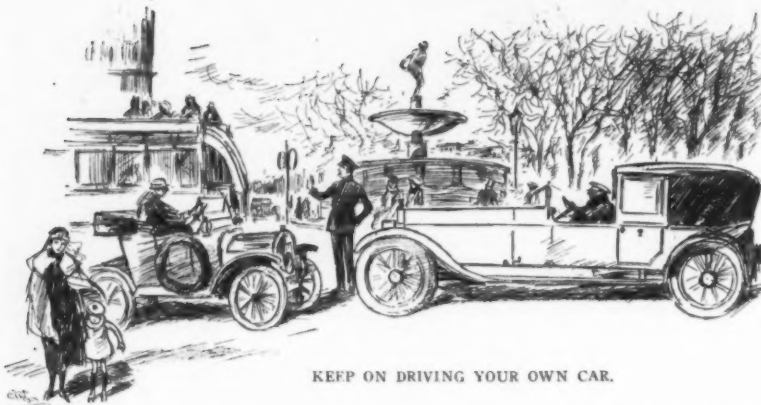


Drawn by  
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"OUR ENGAGEMENT IS OFF FOREVER. SHALL I RETURN YOUR LOVE LETTERS?"  
"BETTER KEEP 'EM, DEAR. YOU'RE GETTING ALONG. YOU MAY NEVER RECEIVE ANY MORE."

## Drive Your Own Car

By MONTAGUE GLASS



KEEP ON DRIVING YOUR OWN CAR.

**I**F you are the type of car owner to whom driving an automobile is just being bathed in one cold perspiration after another, you will hire a chauffeur. Precisely! You haven't nerve enough to run a car, so you imagine you will have nerve enough to run a chauffeur. My advice to you is to keep on driving your own car. Suppose you do run over a few people, the chances are they will be utter strangers to you, and you carry insur-

you insist upon sticking to the lower rate, very little extra care is needed. You will soon find yourself running over the less-than-five-thousand kind almost by instinct, as it were.

No doubt you shudder at the idea. Well, if you haven't the firmness to inconvenience people who have never been introduced to you, how do you expect you are going to be properly hard-hearted to a chauffeur! After a chauffeur has been driving a man of your tenderness for a few days, you will find it just as easy to run down a regiment of strangers as to keep him hanging around outside in the cold until daybreak, waiting to take you home from a poker game with a twelve-o'clock time limit and just one round of consolations.

Anyone who cannot run a car as it ought to be run—I mean without reckoning the consequences in terms of casualties—will be spending a fortune in taxi-cab fares so as to maintain a chauffeur in the bosom of the chauffeur's family all day Sundays and legal holidays and on week days before 9:00 A. M. and after 6:00 P. M. The only car owner who has sufficient hardihood to make a chauffeur keep on the job from 7:00 A. M. to 12:00 midnight or later is the kind of man who regards pedestrians as thank-you-ma'ams, and if he reduces the speed of the car when approaching one, he is only taking a reasonable precaution against a broken leaf in the front spring or something like that. Of course, that type of car owner doesn't need a chauffeur, and if he hired one, and thereafter kept him waiting in front of a theatre on a zero night until the poor fellow was frozen stiff, the only object such a car owner would probably have in trying to revive him would be to

fire him on the spot for getting frozen.

Search your heart and find out if you are that type of an employer. In other words, if as a driver of your own car you insisted on regarding pedestrians as human beings, with children to be orphaned, instead of identifying them with the roadbed, you are unfitted to employ a chauffeur. To get the best out of a chauffeur, he must be treated as an integral part of the chassis and engine. If he has a bilious headache, the correct attitude to assume is that the chauffeur isn't working right, and if the biliousness persists, the only thing to do is to send the car to the service station and have the chauffeur tuned up or have the old one taken out and a new one put in.

Should this conception of a chauffeur revolt you, however, and you still believe you will be benefited by employing one, before doing so I implore you to ask yourself: "Can I support a chauffeur in the manner to which he has become accustomed?" Do you own a car listed at \$8,000 f. o. b. Detroit or even Bridgeport, Connecticut? Or are you going to drag a human being down to the level of driving a car listed at \$5,000 or less, transportation charges and U. S. revenue tax included?

I am aware that there are car owners who can sit back bursting with pride in a Never-mind-what Sedan, reduced during the recent depression of the automobile market to \$710.35 f. o. b. almost anywhere, while a broken-spirited chauffeur



ARE YOU GOING TO DRAG A HUMAN BEING DOWN TO THE LEVEL OF DRIVING A CAR LISTED AT FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS OR LESS?

ance, anyway. Under the ordinary accident policy you are protected against two fatal accidents up to and including \$5,000 per accident. By payment of a slightly higher premium, you could even indulge in two accidents at \$10,000 apiece, but if



KEPT HIM WAITING IN FRONT OF A THEATRE ON A ZERO NIGHT.



tries to hide behind the steering wheel with the visor of his cap pulled low over the blush that mantles to his sunken cheeks; but you are not in their class. As a car owner you are not prepared to treat a chauffeur as a self-starting device possessing no more honor or shame than a self-starting device. If you take a chauffeur from the higher walks of automobile driving, you wouldn't have the heart to let him fall to your level; you would rise to his by cutting out one of your clubs, allowing a couple of your life policies to lapse, selling the old bus and buying a new one with a custom-built body and a silver-plated radiator front. It would look so imported that it would fool the Collector of the Port of New York himself; and with the very first garage bill that you received, you would give up the plans you had for sending your eldest girl to Vassar.

Now I ask you, are you going to sacrifice your daughter's chances and your own happiness in order to hire a chauffeur so that you shall not run over pedestrians? When a pedestrian reads about an automobile owner overturning his car in trying to avoid running over a pedestrian, does the pedestrian attribute it to his pedestrianism and determine thereafter to ride in a street car? He does not. He keeps right on being a pedestrian, so don't *you* be weak and hire a chauffeur. Steel yourself against pedestrians and drive your own car.

### Diplomatic

HE was one of the few remaining old-time darkies. He had finished the odd jobs for which he had been employed, and, hat in hand, appeared at the back door.

"How much is it, Uncle?" he was asked.

"Yo' say how much? Jest whateber yo' all say, missis."



"I HEAR THAT YOUR WIFE IS GOING TO DELIVER AN ADDRESS HERE TO-NIGHT, MR. SOPHLEY."  
"MY DEAR LADY, IT'S NO USE TO APPEAL TO ME. I CAN'T STOP HER."

"Oh, but I'd rather you would say how much," the lady of the house replied.

"Yas, m'am! But, m'am, Ah'd rather hab de seventy-five cents yo' all would gimme dan de fifty cents Ah'd charge yo' all."

### Guaranteed

RESTAURANT PATRON (*whispering*): Waiter, can you serve us something with a kick in it?

WAITER (*whispering*): Wait until you get the bill.



THE POOR LITTLE RICH BOY COME IN FOR WINTER SPORTS.



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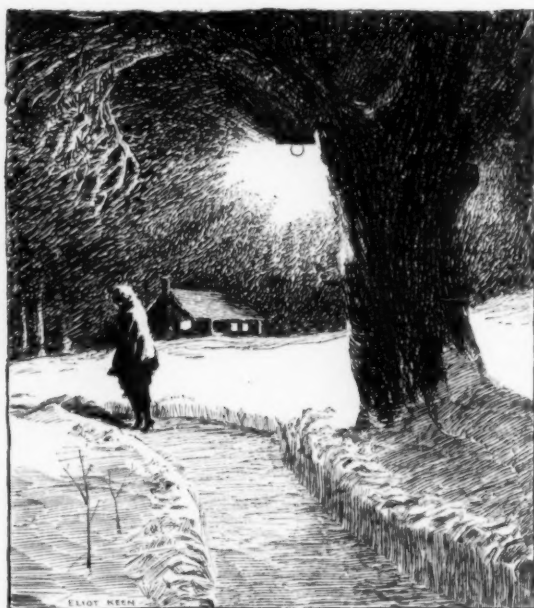
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Anyone who cannot run a car as it ought to be run—I mean without reckoning the consequences in terms of casualties—will be spending a fortune in taxi-cab fares so as to maintain a chauffeur in the bosom of the chauffeur's family all day Sundays and legal holidays and on week days before 9:00 A. M. and after 6:00 P. M. The only car owner who has sufficient hardihood to make a chauffeur keep on the job from 7:00 A. M. to 12:00 midnight or later is the kind of man who regards pedestrians as thank-you-ma'ams, and if he reduces the speed of the car when approaching one, he is only taking a reasonable precaution against a broken leaf in the front spring or something like that. Of course, that type of car owner doesn't need a chauffeur, and if he hired one, and thereafter kept him waiting in front of a theatre on a zero night until the poor fellow was frozen stiff, the only object such a car owner would probably have in trying to revive him would be to

fire him on the spot for getting frozen.

Search your heart and find out if you are that type of an employer. In other words, if as a driver of your own car you insisted on regarding pedestrians as human beings, with children to be orphaned, instead of identifying them with the roadbed, you are unfitted to employ a chauffeur. To get the best out of a chauffeur, he must be treated as an integral part of the chassis and engine. If he has a bilious headache, the correct attitude to assume is that the chauffeur isn't working right, and if the biliousness persists, the only thing to do is to send the car to the service station and have the chauffeur tuned up or have the old one taken out and a new one put in.

Should this conception of a chauffeur revolt you, however, and you still believe you will be benefited by employing one, before doing so I implore you to ask yourself: "Can I support a chauffeur in the manner to which he has become accustomed?" Do you own a car listed at \$8,000 f. o. b. Detroit or even Bridgeport, Connecticut? Or are you going to drag a human being down to the level of driving a car listed at \$5,000 or less, transportation charges and U. S. revenue tax included?

I am aware that there are car owners who can sit back bursting with pride in a Never-mind-what Sedan, reduced during the recent depression of the automobile market to \$710.35 f. o. b. almost anywhere, while a broken-spirited chauffeur



ARE YOU GOING TO DRAG A HUMAN BEING DOWN TO THE LEVEL OF DRIVING A CAR LISTED AT FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS OR LESS?

ance, anyway. Under the ordinary accident policy you are protected against two fatal accidents up to and including \$5,000 per accident. By payment of a slightly higher premium, you could even indulge in two accidents at \$10,000 apiece, but if



KEPT HIM WAITING IN FRONT OF A THEATRE ON A ZERO NIGHT.



tries to hide behind the steering wheel with the visor of his cap pulled low over the blush that mantles to his sunken cheeks; but you, are not in their class. As a car owner you are not prepared to treat a chauffeur as a self-starting device possessing no more honor or shame than a self-starting device. If you take a chauffeur from the higher walks of automobile driving, you wouldn't have the heart to let him fall to your level; you would rise to his by cutting out one of your clubs, allowing a couple of your life policies to lapse, selling the old bus and buying a new one with a custom-built body and a silver-plated radiator front. It would look so imported that it would fool the Collector of the Port of New York himself; and with the very first garage bill that you received, you would give up the plans you had for sending your eldest girl to Vassar.

Now I ask you, are you going to sacrifice your daughter's chances and your own happiness in order to hire a chauffeur so that you shall not run over pedestrians? When a pedestrian reads about an automobile owner overturning his car in trying to avoid running over a pedestrian, does the pedestrian attribute it to his pedestrianism and determine thereafter to ride in a street car? He does not. He keeps right on being a pedestrian, so don't you be weak and hire a chauffeur. Steel yourself against pedestrians and drive your own car.

### Diplomatic

HE was one of the few remaining old-time darkies. He had finished the odd jobs for which he had been employed, and, hat in hand, appeared at the back door.

"How much is it, Uncle?" he was asked.

"Yo' say how much? Jest whateber yo' all say, missis."



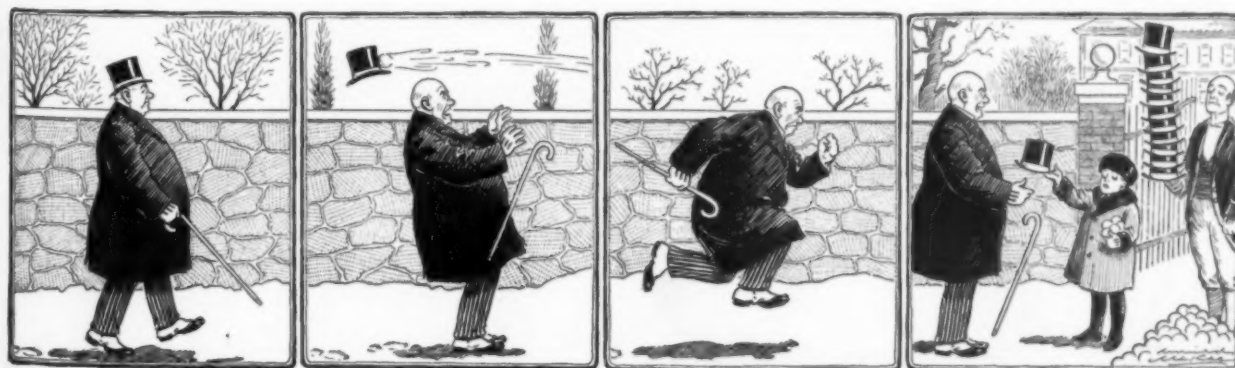
"I HEAR THAT YOUR WIFE IS GOING TO DELIVER AN ADDRESS HERE TO-NIGHT, MR. SOPHLEY."  
"MY DEAR LADY, IT'S NO USE TO APPEAL TO ME. I CAN'T STOP HER."

"Oh, but I'd rather you would say how much," the lady of the house replied.

"Yas, m'am! But, m'am, Ah'd rather hab de seventy-five cents yo' all would gimme dan de fifty cents Ah'd charge yo' all."

**Guaranteed**  
**RESTAURANT PATRON** (*whispering*): Waiter, can you serve us something with a kick in it?

**WAITER** (*whispering*): Wait until you get the bill.



THE POOR LITTLE RICH BOY GOES IN FOR WINTER SPORTS.



AFTER BREAKING THE ICE  
THEN HE HAD THE COURAGE TO PROPOSE TO HER.

## Settled at Last

*Permanent Peace Is Already on Its Joyous Way.*

OWING to LIFE's customary practice of settling all the momentous questions of the day without regard to trouble or expense, we are able to announce the happy result of our efforts on disarmament among the nations of the world. After all, it is only a question of getting together.

Many people, of course, know little and care less about disarmament. A prominent steel man said late last night:

"I am for disarmament, provided it can be accomplished without loss of life, limb and dividends. You can count me in to the last gun. We might ask Great Britain to begin."

Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill were highly enthusiastic when approached by LIFE's representative.

"By all means," said Lloyd George warmly. "I believe in the freedom of the seas, no matter where our navy may be. By all means. It certainly ought to be done."

"Disarmament is a fine idea," said Mr. Churchill. "We can't have too much of it. I hope you'll mention the matter to everybody."

"It has been suggested that you lead off," said our representative. "Your great moral influence, you know, and all that sort of thing."

"My dear fellow," interrupted Lloyd George, "how can our moral influence compare with yours? Much as we should like to, we cannot in this grave matter permit ourselves to take precedence over your charming country. You won the war, you know."

Mr. Takashi Hara, of Japan, was next seen.

"I pause to listen," he said almost coherently. "What wonders of democracy you ejaculate! Sufficiently I say by all means. My friend Togo advise me thusly that you great American nation fall hardly upon yourself to accomplish first this great purpose. Therefore, I speech harmoniously, you bet. Hoping you are the same, I hasten to impart great news to California settlers."

Thus encouraged, and seeing the great end in sight, our representative brought the news to Clemenceau.

"Comment vous portez vous," he declared emphatically. I am ravish with ze idea. Mes amis cable me at ze expense or ze Academy when you have—poof!—vat you say—scrapped—evrezing! Bon! Allons, allons! Now I devour my macaroni wiz ze great zest."

There was but one more great power to see. Our representative hurried to Geneva, where M. Giuseppe Motta welcomed him with open arms. He listened carefully to the great idea.

"When all the nations of the world agree to give up their armaments," said our representative, "an overwhelming burden will be lifted from humanity and peace will become a reality. Are you with us?"

M. Motta did not even pause for a reply, so wonderful was his spirit. He touched a bell.

"Order every ship in the Swiss navy to be scuttled at once," he said to the doorkeeper.

There was a man for you!

With Switzerland leading the way, LIFE is now assured of victory.

## Efficiency

"OH, woodman, spare that tree?" he cried,

And wrote a ream of verse beside,  
And published it in books, and made  
De luxe editions for the trade.  
Though paper then was scarce, they say  
He did it in a business way.  
To make the books to print his plea,  
He had the woodman fell the tree.

*Stanton A. Coblenz.*



Drawn by  
Paul Stahr

IT TAKES SOME EXPLAINING

WHEN YOU FORGET THAT YOU INVITED SOME NEIGHBORS TO SPEND THE EVENING



### Hearts Warm in Winter

NOT even mid-winter chills the kindness in the hearts of LIFE's generous and charitable readers. The endowments for the Fresh Air Fund recorded below prove that it is not their own discomfort and suffering from summer heat which prompts the readers of LIFE to pity for the misery of the little children of the poor in the torrid season. When we are suffering ourselves it is easier to picture and be moved by the sufferings of others, but these endowments have not even that faint tinge of self-thought. They are not inspired by any unseasonable appeals although their donors have evidently borne in mind our statement that no matter when an endowment is established, its accruing income begins at once its work of alleviating suffering in the summer to come and in all the summers thereafter.

LIFE takes pleasure in acknowledging the receipt from F. C. ATHERTON, Esq., of Honolulu, Hawaii, of the funds to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT NO. 185

In the name of F. C. ATHERTON.

From WALTER B. COWPERTHWAIT, Esq., of New York City, the funds to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT NO. 186

In the name of WALTER B. COWPERTHWAIT.

From Mrs. W. A. RICHARDSON, of Berkeley, California, the funds to establish

FRESH AIR ENDOWMENT NO. 187

In Memory of ALICE OSGOOD THOMAS.

From WILLIAM H. WALKER, Esq., of Flushing, N. Y., \$81.84 has been received, this amount being excess subscriptions from the artists of LIFE to establish endowments in memory of the late John Ames Mitchell, Founder and Editor of LIFE. The sum will be added to other miscellaneous receipts to establish another endowment.

For the benefit of those readers of LIFE who are not familiar with the Fresh Air Endowments and their perpetual work of well-doing we reprint the following description of their object and the method of their establishment:

To establish a Fresh Air Endowment, two hundred dollars in Victory notes, or Liberty Loan 4¼-per-cent. bonds, or the same amount in other funds, should be sent by registered mail to LIFE's Fresh Air Fund, Inc., 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York.

The income from this amount provides that every summer, in perpetuity, a poor child will be sent from the slums of New York for a fortnight's stay in the fresh air of the country. This work has now been carried on for thirty-three years, in which time more than forty thousand children have gained health and happiness from it. *A Fresh Air Endowment may bear any designation its donor chooses.*

### The Difference

WILLIS: I just returned from bidding good-bye to a couple of friends who are going abroad.

GILLIS: Who are they?

"Young Jones, from New York, is going over to be educated in Paris, and young Smith, from Los Angeles, is going over to educate Paris."



Drawn by Walter Jack Duncan

### EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

*Awkward Friend (who has been permitted to hold the baby, with disastrous results):*  
TERRIBLE, TERRIBLE! I CAN'T IMAGINE HOW IT HAPPENED. REALLY, I ASSURE YOU, I—I HARDLY  
EVER DROP A BABY.



*The Voice:* DO YOU EVEN KNOW WHERE YOU ARE, JOHN?

"WHY, YES."

"WELL—THAT'S SOMETHING!"

### *My Pegasus*

I KNOW a steed so swift and true  
'Twould fill you with elation,  
To follow through his magic clue;  
His name? Imagination!

All ye of weary, careworn eyes,  
Come ride with me a-singing!  
You fret and fume o'er things called wise  
With never a thought for shining skies,  
Nor wish to ride a-wingin'.

This steed has feet so light and fleet,  
He'll ride you round creation,  
Till vexing thoughts a rose tint sweet  
Take from Imagination.

Neglected, in the sunset glow,  
He stands, your call awaiting,

To bear you where dream flowers  
blow

And love and faith of long ago  
Stand fast as when a-mating.

*Margaret Caball Gwathmey.*

### *Service*

MR. W. H. DUNKLEY, a London carriage manufacturer, employs three hundred men in his factory, every one of them being a veteran who lost an arm in the war. It is our guess that—entirely aside from the glow of satisfaction that comes from a realization of philanthropy well directed—Mr. Dunkley gets more willing and efficient service and direct loyalty from those three hundred arms in his employ than from six hundred of the usual variety.

### *Cheating?*

ACCORDING to the New York *Medical Journal*, it is possible to read madness in the eyebrows. This may be easy enough in so far as judging the mere men is concerned, but what is one to do in the case of a "flapper" who has had her eyebrows removed?

### *A Latter-Day Prayer*

SPIRIT of Godiva! We, the people of the U. S. A. with overcharged hearts, overtaxed patience and pocket-books, do beseech thee to intercede with the powers that be, to speedily deliver us from the thralldom of the prevailing form of taxation. Amen.

SLATED for a warm hereafter—the coal profiteer.



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**F**RANCE does not want to forgive her enemies, which is entirely natural but inconvenient at this time. In particular she does not want to forgive them any considerable portion of the reparations that the treaty provided for her. She feels poor, has enormous debts, has a lot to do to restore the material damage the war did to her country, and needs the German money. Nobody writes better about the state of Europe than Sir Philip Gibbs, whom we all got to know so well as a war correspondent. He is a brooding spirit touched with religion, and knows what he is brooding about. He saw the war, saw as much of it and as near to as any man living. He saw the peace and he has seen Europe since the peace. He even went to Geneva and attended and observed the first meeting of the League of Nations. Nobody can say that he is not informed. He has an article in the February *Harper's Magazine* about France, about how she spent her very soul in the war and finally won it, and now feels that she got nothing that she hoped for—neither reparation nor security.

He tells of her sorrow for her two million soldiers dead, and of the desperation of her resolve to safeguard herself against another war. The statesmen of France have never had any confidence in the League. Clemenceau had none. He accepted it because he had to. The only thing that they have confidence in is a sufficient provision of force to keep Germany off, and if possible to keep her down. Out of Versailles they got the promise of British and American backing to safeguard them. That promise went

to grass when the United States failed to accept the treaty. Now France, still insisting on safeguards, and feeling that she got out of the war neither security nor assurance of peace, is grabbing at anything she can get in alliances that seem likely to help her. Gibbs sees all that and expounds it with sympathy, but with no belief at all that salvation is coming to Europe by defensive alliances or any means of that sort. In a newspaper article he reviews the condition of all Europe. What he hopes for is new leadership, new feelings. In spite of all the blackness that he pictures, he thinks he sees a light ahead. He feels a faint stirring of the world conscience, which he says may lead to action changing the whole aspect of the scene. "Beneath all the hard crust of materialism and cynicism which have Europe in their grip at the moment," he notices "a welling-up of generous, ardent idealism" which very soon, he thinks, will break through the crust and prevail. He tells of meeting in all sorts of places "men and women of all classes who are inspired by a desperate will to break the old spell of evil which now prevails" and establish a new order of things and fulfill in some degree the ideals that people had while the war still went on. These people, he says, are conscious that the old gospel of force must give way to new ideas, and that Europe can only be saved by a conciliation of nations. He quotes a distinguished Frenchman as saying, "The old men cannot live forever. Soon they must die and then youth will prevail." Beneath the surface of the old order he finds the new spirit is quickening and believes it will produce its men. He sees that there must be new leadership in England,—a new Parliament competent to deal with Ireland, and he thinks the breaking up of the present coalition government of England is in sight. "At present," he says, "it is

difficult to climb out of the ditch of our moral degradation, due to war fever and exhaustion, but I seem to see among our people and others a thirst for some spiritual call which will give them a new faith in life and reconcile them to the distresses and sacrifices still to be endured."



**S**O Sir Philip Gibbs puts forward the spiritual hope for the world—that is, the great hope that underneath the present control of affairs there is a new spirit and a new vision born of the war that will exert itself and pull civilization through.

But one cannot wait for that before doing anything. There is a great job immediately on hand to save the pieces of Europe, and indeed the pieces of civilization, until they can be put together again to better advantage. That work is practical, immediate, and has to do with economics. One cannot say that France cannot have what she wants because it is impossible, and let it go at that. Whatever is possible for France must be done. These things that she wants, she wants because they seem to her necessary to existence. If she is not to have them all, it must be demonstrated to her in some way that existence and recovery are possible to her without so much of them as she thinks she requires.

Frank Simonds, in the *New York Herald*, discusses this side of matters. He points out that to induce France to let up a little on German reparations would be very much to the advantage of our country and Great Britain, who want to trade with Germany as soon as possible; but that we and the British make no offer to





## DIGGING IN

GETTING READY FOR THE GREAT ADVANCE OF MARCH 4TH.

cancel the five billion dollars that France owes to us to offset the mitigation of her claims against Germany. If we should do that, it might help materially, Mr. Simonds thinks, to help France scale down her claims.

That is a good deal to the point. Anybody who thinks the various Allies will ever pay back to the United States the moneys furnished them by our Government to carry on the war must be very sanguine. We put that money into the war. It is part of our war debt and we shall carry it or pay it. The use of Europe's debt to our government is going to be that when the time comes for a bargain to all the world's advantage, we shall have those debts to bargain with. That Europe, now scrambling to avoid starvation and taxed out of almost all the possibilities of living, should ever be burdened with getting together the billions to pay back its money debt to this prosperous country is at present a distressing thought, but whenever the new light that Sir Philip Gibbs refers to controls the governments of the nations, those debts will come in very handy in promoting an ad-

justment that will be to the general advantage, including our own. Just as France argues that Germany, though short of means at present, will eventually be rich again and able to pay an immense sum in reparations, so it may be argued that Europe will eventually be able to pay her debt to us. And she will, unless she goes to smash. But whenever it appears that cancelling that debt will really help Europe back to sanity and health, it will be not only good morals but good business and good sense to cancel it. But before anything like that looks attractive there will have to be a new crowd in charge and a new spirit in power throughout most of Europe.

Meanwhile, what private business enterprise in this country can do for Europe is by way of getting done. The Hoover effort to keep the children of Middle Europe alive goes on well and will succeed; the banking effort to provide credit for Europe to buy on through the Foreign Trade Financing Corporation is going pretty strong and looks promising. When government falls down, private enterprise gets its opportunity.



**MR. HARDING** at this writing has escaped from all the best minds and is resting his head in Florida, drifting in a house boat and conversing with alligators, while the Washington correspondents have their own way altogether with his cabinet. One day they put in both Mr. Root and Mr. Hughes; the next day they reinstall Mr. Hughes as Secretary of State and excuse Mr. Root. The day following they suggest that Mr. Harding, once he has made up his mind, sets like Portland cement, and, of course, he may have picked his cabinet; and if he has what's the use of talking?

But the correspondents have helped a good deal about the cabinet, if only by keeping up the interest. It helps a pitcher to have a good crowd of fans attentive to his strategies, and he doesn't mind if they are noisy. Considering the present state of the world, perhaps it was not for nothing that our President-to-be was chosen for his exceptional dexterity in conciliation.

E. S. Martin.



People We Can Get

THE COUPLE WHO HANG AROUND FOR TEN





We Can Get Along Without  
UND FOR TEN MINUTES AFTER SAYING "GOOD NIGHT"





## The Horrible Effect of Art

**T**HERE is such a thing as a play so bad that one feels indelicate in kidding it. It would be like kidding a cripple. Under this dispensation "John Hawthorne" escapes the ostentatious award of a chaplet of native raspberries and is gently let down into the cold, dark waters. Perhaps it is just as well. It never could have been normal, even if it had lived.

But the responsibility of the Theatre Guild is heavy for fostering this play under the same roof with "Heartbreak House" and on the very stage where "Jane Clegg" once lived. If the Theatre Guild people didn't see, at the first rehearsal, that the artificial declamations of these simple mountain-folk would bring ill-mannered laughter from the audience, then what may we expect from the Guild's next production? Another "Heartbreak House," or something native, in which the mature boys and girls in a state institution are shown muttering sonnets at each other and carrying lighted kerosene lamps on and off the stage for realism's sake?

It is "art" dramas like "John Hawthorne" which drive men to burlesque shows.



**A**S a matter of actual fact, that is just where it did drive your correspondent. One evening of "John Hawthorne" and the next night we ran screaming to Union Square, where Mr. B. F. Kahn runs a theatre "devoted to high-class Family Burlesque," and there found blessed relief. At least in Mr. Kahn's "Burle-cues" no serious attempt is made to Theatre Guild the lily.

The week's bill consisted of two parts. First a musical production entitled "Harem Scarem Isle" and then an equally musical production called "Lost and Found." Both were splendid.

"Harem Scarem Isle" was perhaps the more elaborate of the two. The scene being in the Sultan's Palace, there was naturally a demand for more exotic costuming and hangings than in the other piece, which was laid at "the exterior of Hood's Home on the Hudson." And yet no artistry was spared to make the latter a pretentious offering.

The plot of "Harem Scarem Isle" is soon told. In fact, it is already told when you have spoken the title. That is really all there is. Zeke Slivers and Adam Souse, two middle-aged sailors, appear to have come ashore from their ship and in some manner become identified with the Sultan's harem as associate wives. The plot from then on is written in the naturalistic manner, in which form is sacrificed to reality. The whole thing is very, very real. In a way it savors of the Scandinavian school of realism, as exemplified by Strindberg, in its stark un-

compromising adherence to the facts of life. I would not go so far as to say that Mr. Tom Howard, the author, was deliberately following Strindberg in his main thesis, but it seems to me that the influence is there, however unconscious Mr. Howard may be of it.

The author himself plays the rôle of Zeke Slivers, and here, as well as in the second offering on the bill, he displays a fine sense of comedy repression, and a modulation of values which mark him as one of our most promising of native comedians. In both rôles he is charmingly accompanied by Mr. Joe Rose, whose German dialect is a welcome and broadminded recognition of the fact that we, as a nation, held no grudge against the German people but merely against their rulers. Mr. Joseph Cawthorne might well take a tip from Mr. Joe Rose and sign the armistice.



**O**F the scenic effects in "Harem Scarem Isle" it is impossible to speak with moderation. Urban at his best never conceived anything like the kaleidoscopic effect of different colored lights being turned in quick succession on a chorus standing in impressive tableau formation. First red, then green, then orange, then red, then green, then orange. It is indescribable.

Among the spectacular features of the production must be mentioned the gold teeth. If any sign were needed of the rapid return to normalcy in business conditions and the stabilizing of wage scales it would be found in the prevalence of gold teeth among the chorus of "Harem Scarem Isle." No fewer than seventeen were counted during one of the big smiling scenes.

A word on the training of the chorus. There are two theories of chorus training, represented respectively by Hoffenlutz of the *Schauspielplatzhaus* in Munich and Strolski of the *Novi Irkutsk Theatre* in Ekaterinoslav. Mr. Sol. Fields, who staged the musical numbers and ensembles of "Harem Scarem Isle" is evidently a disciple of Hoffenlutz, in that each member of the chorus is allowed to execute whatever seem to her the most fitting dance figures in any given number. The opposition school maintains that the chorus should work in unison.

Thus we have, in the song number, "No Time for Blues," sung by Miss Hattie Beall and the girls, each individual member of the chorus doing something original, instead of confining her movements to a common action. The one on the right, second from the end, with red hair, introduced an extraordinary shoulder and upper torso agitation, while, at the same time, her neighbor on the left (whom I am quite sure I recognized as a former algebra teacher) made motions with her hands from side to side as if playing the piano, bending the knees ever so slightly the while. On the other side of the line somebody's mother was executing a care-free prance step. Altogether the effect was one of grateful variety after the rather monotonous regularity of, let us say, the London Palace Girls in "Tip-Top."



**U**NFORTUNATELY, there is not space here to mention in detail the work of the cast. We can give only passing praise to Eddie Welsh, Hattie Beall, Laura Houston, Gus Flaigg, Margie Pennetti, Helen Adair and Harriett Nolan, all of whom were a great deal more than adequate. Robert C. Benchley.

# CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

## More or Less Serious

**Belasco.**—"Deburau." Poetic drama dealing with Parisian theatrical life and the career of a famous pantomimist. Remarkably produced, with Lionel Atwill in the leading rôle.

**Belmont.**—"Miss Lulu Bett." A real play of real people, so real that it borders on tragedy. The first time on any stage.

**Bijou.**—"The Skin Game." Galsworthy's interesting presentation of what happens when Greek meets nouveau-Greek. An English estate as the scene of undignified class warfare.

**Booth.**—"The Green Goddess." George Arliss in a de luxe melodrama, with all the old tricks made unexpectedly exciting.

**Century.**—"In the Night Watch." To be reviewed next week.

**Empire.**—"Mary Rose." Distinctly a play for sentimental Barrie-ites who expect to cry and don't care who sees them. It has something to do with spiritualism, but its chief appeal cannot be explained.

**Frazer.**—"The Woman of Bronze." Margaret Anglin in an intensely emotional part making a conventional triangle drama exceptionally worth while.

**Garrick.**—"Heartbreak House." Shaw's satire on England in general delightfully presented. *Special Matinees.*—"John Hawtherne." Reviewed in this issue.

**Greenwich Village.**—"Near Santa Barbara." To be reviewed next week.

**Maxine Elliott's.**—"Spanish Love." The

ways of two young men with a maid, practically identical with the ways of the less manageable animals in the Bronx zoo. Lots of color.

**Morosco.**—"The Bat." A great deal of splendid crime.

**Playhouse.**—"Thy Name Is Woman." Domestic stabbing in Northern Spain. In this corner, Mary Nash. In this corner, José Ruben.

**Thirty-Ninth Street.**—"Samson and Delilah." Tragedy powerfully portrayed by Ben-Ami, ably assisted by Pauline Lord. (Nothing biblical.)

**Times Square.**—"The Mirage." One of those dramas which not even Florence Reed can make anything but old stuff.

## Comedy and Things Like That

**Apollo.**—"The Prince and the Pauper." William Faversham in a pleasant and sightly production of Mark Twain's romantic tale.

**Astor.**—"Cornered." A combination of the old-fashioned crook play and the old-fashioned psychic drama, made fresh by the presence of Madge Kennedy.

**George M. Cohan.**—"The Tavern." A gloriously mad burlesque of all the romantic lines ever uttered on the stage.

**Cohan and Harris.**—"Welcome Stranger." Race prejudice and small-town business. An interesting but fairly cheap play, well acted.

**Comedy.**—"The Bad Man." A Mexican invasion of the United States, consisting of Holbrook Blinn as a gentlemanly bandit armed with satire and a gun.

**Cort.**—"Transplanting Jean." Extremely French comedy of manners, engagingly

played by Margaret Lawrence and Arthur Byron.

**Eltinge.**—"Ladies' Night." A grammar-school boy's idea of what goes on in a Turkish bath. (This may draw a justified protest from the Association of Grammar-School Boys.)

**Forty-Eighth Street.**—"The Broken Wing." An airplane crashes into a Mexican dwelling and the young pilot suffers from amnesia. Given one native girl, you may finish the play for yourself.

**Fulton.**—"Enter Madame." A prima donna in her home, delightfully portrayed in a well-written comedy.

**Gaiety.**—"Lightnin'." Try writing something different every week about this three-year-old hit and see how you like it.

**Henry Miller.**—"Wake Up, Jonathan." Mrs. Fiske criminally wasted in a play of the Lottie Blair Parker school.

**Hudson.**—"The Meanest Man in the World." A rapid-fire business comedy, conventional but amusing.

**Little.**—"The First Year." Highly entertaining disclosure of facts of American home-life which everyone knows.

**Longacre.**—"The Champion." Thoroughly American comedy showing how silly Englishmen are. Grant Mitchell makes it as inoffensive as possible and the public will make it a success.

**Lyceum.**—"The Gold Diggers." Ina Claire in a comedy of chorus-girl life, now in its second year.

**Nora Bayes.**—"Three Live Ghosts." The amusing adventures of three unexpected war veterans.

**Playhouse.**—"The New Morality." Grace George in a series of special matinees. To be reviewed next week.

**Plymouth.**—"Little Old New York." Manhattan as it was in 1810 when Delmonico sold sandwiches. A pleasant little play with a prize fight in the engine house as a sporting feature.

**Punch and Judy.**—"Rollo's Wild Oat." Roland Young in a delicately entertaining rôle of a young man who would play Hamlet.

**Republic.**—"Dear Me." Reviewed in this issue.

## Eye and Ear Entertainment

**Casino.**—"Honeydew." Good singing and dancing to music by Efrem Zimbalist. That's all, but it is enough.

**Central.**—"Afgar." A young French woman named Delysia showing Americans how to say their own questionable lines with the least possible offense. Poiret did the gowns, such as they are.

**Globe.**—"Tip-Top." Fred Stone in a highly agreeable entertainment for the benefit of those who make it worth an agent's while to get seats for them.

**Hippodrome.**—"Good Times." Your money's worth if you ever got it anywhere.

**Knickerbocker.**—"Mary." Lively, tuneful and clean.

**Liberty.**—"Lady Billy." Mitzi in a play with a real plot and some nice music, delighting all Mitzi fans.

**Lyric.**—"Her Family Tree." An elaborate production, some of it funny, some rather dull, with Nora Bayes as the star.

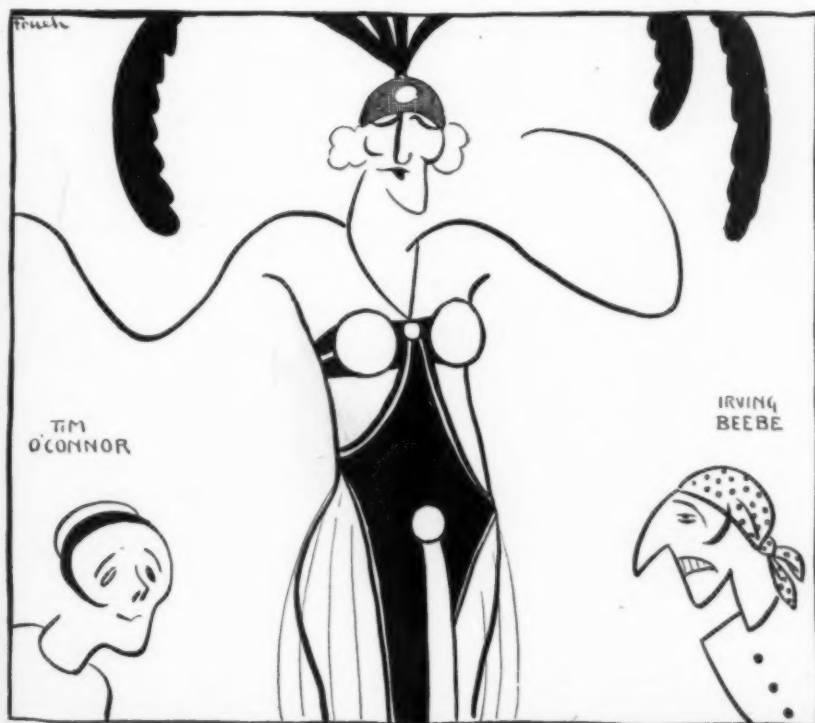
**New Amsterdam.**—"Sally." Marilyn Miller and Leon Errol in a show containing practically everything you want, including several good laughs.

**Park.**—"Erminie." A revival of the old-time hit, bringing Francis Wilson and DeWolf Hopper with it in a blaze of glory. Better than most modern shows.

**Shubert.**—"Greenwich Village Follies." Some excellent features, beautifully staged, with a little comedy now and then, chiefly from Savoy and Brennan.

**Vanderbilt.**—"Irene." Breaking all records for length of run and tunefulness.

**Winter Garden.**—"The Passing Show of 1921." Worth seeing for the ballet alone.



ALICE DELYSIA IN "AFGAR."

## Senator Sounder Fiscally Fit

### But LIFE'S Famous Correspondent Is Worried About the National Debt

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

*Special Correspondence*

WASHINGTON, Feb. 5.—At a recent meeting of the Senate Finance Committee, of which I am a distinguished member, Secretary of the Treasury Houston gave us some figures regarding the financial condition of this great and glorious nation that, to put it mildly, appalled me. The Secretary, and even the Chairman, Senator McCumber, took the matter very calmly, yet the only interpretation that I can put upon his statement is that this government is financially not more than a jump and a half ahead of the sheriff!

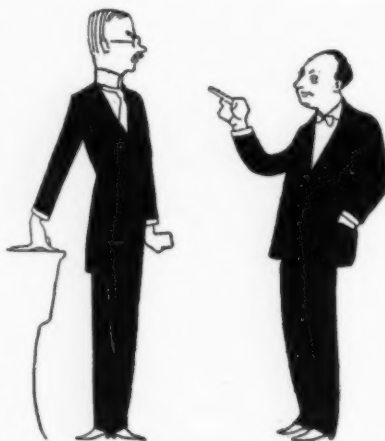
In fact, I felt the situation to be so serious that as soon as the meeting had adjourned I rushed round to the Treasury building and tried to obtain a year's salary in advance. Though I am the last one in the world to wish to spread alarm or precipitate a panic, I have the wife and the children to think of; and with the government owing \$2,000,000,000 at the end of the fiscal year, as the Secretary says it will, I can't for the life of me see where my \$12,000 is coming from. My request was refused, which in itself strikes me as a little suspicious.

The amount that the government owes is absolutely nothing short of astounding. Besides the amount that I have mentioned there is a floating debt of \$2,300,000,000, incurred, I suppose, by the extensive naval program of the last few years. And yet some short-sighted people would have us continue to build ships. And in all my experience with deficits—I am frank in saying that the Sounder household has known many of them—I have never known anything like that \$2,000,000,000. I have told the Secretary and I have told the Committee that something must be done about it. I absolutely insist on that.

To make matters worse, the sources of revenue are drying up. The Secretary informs us that not nearly so many people



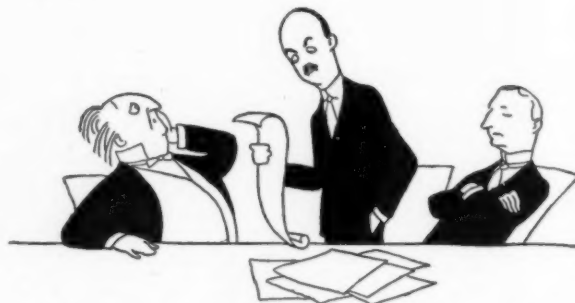
REPRESENTATIVE LONGWORTH HAS DROPPED IN SEVERAL TIMES



THE GENTLEMAN FROM UTAH DISCLAIMED BEING A SPOTTED PROTECTIONIST.

are paying income taxes as formerly. Now, as for that, I don't wholly blame them, though I should like to know how they get away with it. The income-tax collectors have always struck me as unusually alert; they have been in correspondence with me since 1917 for failing to write the word "none" after Schedule C: "Income from Fiduciaries reporting on a Calendar Year Basis."

On account of this deplorable financial condition the Secretary has urged Congress to exercise the utmost economy, and the House has begun to slash the Appropriations bills. There is nothing that the House likes to do quite so well as to slash Appropriation bills. Therefore the heads of departments always add enough to their estimates to enable the House to



THE SECRETARY AND EVEN SENATOR MCCUMBER TOOK THE MATTER VERY CALMLY.

have its fun without cutting the appropriation below the real needs of the department. I have always regarded that as a splendid example of friendly co-operation and a tribute to the efficiency of our government.

The financial stringency has also caused the Secretary to oppose reviving the War Finance Corporation, and in that he has the hearty support of those who revived it. I am not quite clear in my mind why that measure was passed, unless it was to furnish debating practice—a sort of early season training before the big games. However that may be, apparently all who voted for the resolution are hoping that the President will veto it. If he does not it will be merely another example of his stubborn refusal to co-operate with Congress.

Pretty much the same feeling extends to the Emergency Tariff bill, which is now before the Senate, although by the time this reaches you we may have taken action upon it. Representative Nick Longworth has had a good deal to say for the bill in the House, and he has dropped into the Senate several times to listen to the debate, which at times has been very inspiring. One of my colleagues spoke for four hours in behalf of raising the schedule on peanuts by one cent. And Senators Smoot and Harrison had a little run-in, in the course of which the gentleman from Utah disclaimed being a spotted protectionist. In short, we are putting a great deal of time, energy and thought into the bill, and if we succeed in passing it in spite of ourselves, we shall again have to pin our hope on the President's veto.

*Senator Sounder.*





THE DICTATES OF FASHION  
WHAT'S WHAT FOR COUNTRY WEAR IN WINTER.

Drawn by  
R. M. Crosby.

## Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy

### Can Nations Remove Firearms Without Undressing Completely?

By Wallace Irwin



*TO Editor Life who can be comical without losing his sense of humor:*

Dear Sir:—

Undoubtedly the time has ripened when all Nations shall beat their spears into prune-hooks and return to cheap sports like aggyculture, bookbinding and hotel business because warfare have become so darnly H. C. that it cannot pay the interest on indemnities. The price of bayonets are advancing upwards day-by-hour and poisonous gas have got so expensive that many dentists are removing teeth without it.

In pursuit of this umportant thought I wish you would tell your printer following politikal interview which evaporated between me and Arthur Kickahajama, Japanese Y. M. C. A., yestdy p. m. when we held a frontporch together.

"Togo," he say distinctually, "warfare have got so expensive that we must do without it."

"Who is robbing us now?" I ask to know.

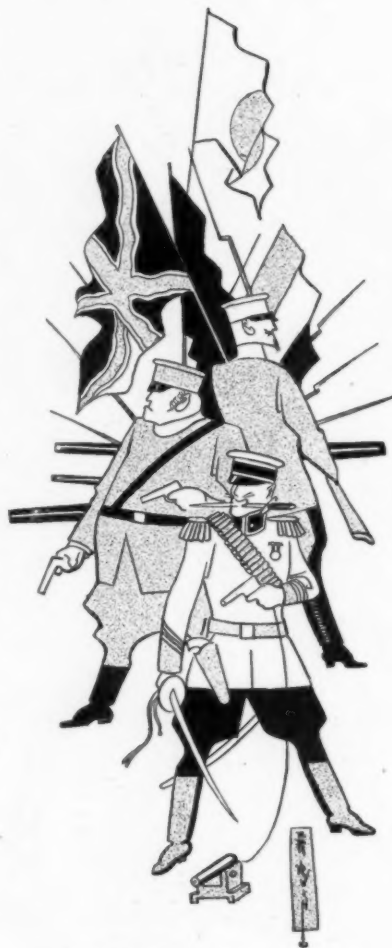
"Those bruttle Profitters again," he snarrel. "Firstly it must be one thing, then another. So soonly do we get used to walking without shoes because of Leather Profitters than we must cease eating 2\$ eggs because they are so fresh that they become noisy. Still, however, we remain patient but irritated. And what nextly?"

I am disabled to reply.

"Last week," he report, "the price of machine guns shot up 22\$!"

"O Arthur Kickahajama, Y. M. C. A.," I snagger, "do not inform me thus! Have things come to such a handsome pass that poor man cannot afford to own his own machine gun? And yet they Miss Call this a free country. How, without any of those mechanical killers, can Japan capture Fresno, California, when the time comes?"

"This cannot be done," say Arthur with a si & grone, "unless Japan invent some new way pretty quick to cheat California. League of Nations, Col. Geo. Harvey, King of Greece, Senator Borah and other great world powers



"We shall now throw away our guns," they say like chorus girls.

have pressed their brains together and found one thing. They got a nice way to make Hon. World happy forever, or almost that long. Name of this idea is Disarmament."

"Would not such an idea lead to war or something?" I ask to know with Senator Lodge alarm.

"It are oftenly more dangeras to take guns away from people than to give them some," Arthur corrode. "Yet why shouldn't we try something or something else?"

"How should this Disarmament be worked?" I ask to know.

"Differently each time," narrate Arthur. "Italy, England and France say that nice way would be for all civilized

nationalities to drop guns, knives, airplanes and etc. out of their pockets and hold up hands while President and Board of Aldermen of Swiss Republik go round collecting those wicked tools, giving written receipts to all generals above rank of 1st Sargent. Same thing would happen to navies, only it would be done in boats."

"Banzai!" I ollicute. "I am hit by the delicious simplicity of that arrangement, by golly!"

"Not so very," growell Arthur Kickahajama, Y. M. C. A.

"What are the tumbling block in the way of such Disarmament?" are next question for me.

"All Europe are mingled in it," narrate Arthur. "They meet with kiss-kiss expression and you would think you could hear coo-coo from doves. But what then? 'We shall now throw away our guns,' they say together like chorus girls. Then they stand around admiring each other similar to cats. 'Who shall throw first?' require Hon. King of Italy (socialist). 'Sippose you do it,' reject Hon. Lloyd Geo. (Roosevelt Republican). 'Oh no, not to do!' holla Hon. Italy, 'for if we should start removing pistols from Hon. Terence d'Annunzio, Sinn Fein Mayor of Fiume, what sort of occurrence would happen to us? The French are a bright little people. Possibly Hon. France would set nobile example for all mankind, including ladies.' 'Inconvenient,' snagger



We must cease eating 2\$ eggs because they are so fresh that they become noisy.



*Mrs. Goldbagger: SAY, JIM, ARE YOU SURE THIS IS A REGULAR REMBRANDT?  
Goldbagger (in rage): DON'T I KNOW A REMBRANDT WHEN I SEES ONE?*

Hon. France in the language. "Without guns how could we collect coal & iron with which ammunitions are made?"

"Nobody can say anything to that but silence. Therefore Hon. League of Nations pass resolution referring Disarmament to Hon. Morris Maeterlinck to make into a poem for a Xmas card, December 1921."

"Since Hon. America are independent of all European tanglements (except Irish) and can be deliciously hostile to everybody," I suggest, "possibly the keen, practickle minds of this progressive republic (and democracy) can think some way to kick out War."

"That have already been invented," collapse Arthur.

"By Hon. Thos. Edison, maybe?" I require.

"Ah no. By Col. Geo. Harvey (Wilson Democrat). It are so simple that I are siprised Hon. Clemenceau did not think of that. Future warfare, he say so, shall be stopped by Referendum."

"How would such Referendum be shot off?" I require.

"I tell you. Sippose Hon. Japan declare war against Hon. California and start her navy boating to Philippines. What then? Hon. President of America would await until Congress got back from Ohio, then he would make famus speech declaring U. S. to be in state of Referendum. At sound of that patriotic gong America would lept to action. Conventions would be held following June in S. F., Cal., and Chicago, Ill. Jo-Uncle Daniels would be nominated on Militarist ticket. Hon. Hi W. Johnson, who kept us out of war with Russia, would occupy Pacifist ticket.

"Then delicious excitation would be enjoyed. Referendums would happen everywhere. America would blaze splandidly with thrills, rallies, campaign contributions and riots. Mayor Hylan, Mayor Thompson, Mayor Rolf and Senator Walsh would speak brokenheartedly about Irish republick. 22 bank

presidents would go to jail for donating over 1000000\$ to emergency fund.

"Then tense silence would tumble over the land. It would be the 2nd Tusdy in Nov. Every man in the U. S. (male and female) would go to poles with tickets to make solemn referendum. Banzai! Soon it is over. Peace or war are decided.

"On the 1st day of April, following that decision, President of the U. S. would be entitled to go before Congress and report that the soverin people have done their duty, as usual."

"But when Hon. U. S. are taking that Referendum," I ask to know, "what would Hon. Japan be taking?"

"Philippines," pronounce Arthur Kickahajama, Y. M. C. A., distinctually.

Therefore I remove away from him with an 8 yr. battleship program smashing me on top. I am confused.

Hoping you are the same

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.



## The Silent Drama

### Polly With a Past

NOT having seen the original play, we are unable to make the usual odious comparisons, but "Polly With a Past" in film form is light fare; very light indeed. A few striking costumes worn by Ina Claire, a few amusing sub-titles, and the rest is just so much perforated celluloid. One difficulty is that it is handled more as a play than as a photoplay. There is too little of that rapid-fire change of scene upon which motion pictures must depend to atone for the absence of dialogue. Some of Miss Claire's piquant charm is lost on the screen, but she succeeds in making the most of the mediocre material which the play affords her.

### Black Beauty

THIS most famous of animal stories comes out surprisingly well as a movie. Mr. and Mrs. George Randolph Chester have done a good job of the adaptation, and have supplemented the novel with an incidental plot concerning the mere mortals, whose doings *Black Beauty* could not always watch. A good cast of horses, well directed, together with a great many human performers combine to make "Black Beauty" a genuinely stirring picture.

More's the pity, then, that an otherwise worthy production should be marred by costumes so wildly incorrect as to suggest that the picture is one of those burlesques, like "The Tavern" (see page 209). Every style that has been in vogue since 1820 is represented at one time or another, frequently all at once. There is no excuse for this. The story was written in 1877, and there are a few decrepit inmates of

various institutions who still remember that remote date.

### Forbidden Fruit

SOME economist ought to compute the total wealth represented by the various characters in Cecil B. De Mille's productions. The figures would be gross in every sense of the word. Three times a year he sends forth a new picture, con-

the case of Agnes Ayres as the molested wife who finds that there often are worms in forbidden fruit.

### Outside the Law

WHILE others see fit to strive for elusive and illusory artistic ideals in motion-picture production, the Universal company is content to concentrate on achieving the old-fashioned thrill, and letting it go at that. With the result that their pictures, while not always edifying or elevating, are certainly exciting, and that, as Aristotle said, is something.

"Outside the Law" is a real thriller. Its locale is San Francisco's Chinatown, and it shows how the ancient doctrines of Confucius are successfully applied to a gang of ultramodern crooks. A good idea, well worked out, and decidedly well acted by Priscilla Dean, Wheeler Oakman and the ferocious Lon Chaney. We recommend the picture to those who share our own dime novel tastes.

### The Great Adventure

ARNOLD BENNETT'S delightful story of the famous artist who, to escape the public attention which he detested, assumed the identity of his dead valet, has been made into a highly diverting movie with Lionel

Barrymore as *Priam Farll* (a character drawn by Bennett with none other than John S. Sargent as a model) and Doris Rankin as the comfortable Putney widow whom he marries. Mr. Barrymore, like his brother John, is primarily a comedian, and it is good to see him in a rôle which gives him a chance to display his great talent for subtle clowning.

Robert E. Sherwood.



INA CLAIRE IN "POLLY WITH A PAST."

taining a batch of multi-millionaires who are just a little bit multier than the last.

"Forbidden Fruit" sticks to the regular formula, but it has a quality that many of its predecessors did not possess—dramatic interest. Mr. De Mille, for once, has had the sense to subordinate the sex appeal and pay a little attention to the story. Moreover, he has shown unusually good judgment in casting, particularly in

### Recent Developments

excellent story, with a newcomer, Pola Negri, as star. Don't pay any attention to the title.

NINETEEN AND PHYLLIS (*First National*).—Charles Ray in a typical Charles Ray comedy with the usual homely type of Charles Ray humor.

MIDSUMMER MADNESS (*Paramount*).—Stupid display of wealth, human frailty, remorse, and things like that, in an unpleasant picture based on an unpleasant novel.

THAT GIRL MONTANA (*Pathé*).—A tribe of Indians provides an effective setting for Blanche Sweet's blonde beauty.

THE LOVE LIGHT (*United Artists*).—Mary Pickford as a little Italian girl, in a picture that is nice to look at if you can forget what it is all about.

(Arranged, as nearly as possible, according to seniority.)

WAY DOWN EAST (*Griffith*).—The perils of farm life set forth at great expense.

OVER THE HILL (*Fox*).—Interesting and well acted sob drama of old age and poverty.

THE MARK OF ZORRO (*United Artists*).—Douglas Fairbanks lives up to his reputation—and you know what that is.

KISMET (*Robertson-Cole*).—Otis Skinner has his original rôle in a sumptuous screen version of Knoblock's play.

THE TESTING BLOCK (*Paramount*).—William S. Hart discards his usual dress suit and appears in Wild West costume, just for this one picture.

PASSION (*First National*).—The French revolution provides the background for an

THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS (*Associated Producers*).—Cooper's famous novel, transformed beyond recognition into a movie of great pictorial beauty and dramatic strength.

BUNTY PULLS THE STRINGS (*Goldwyn*).—Highly satisfactory adaptation of a pleasant Scotch comedy.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM (*Paramount*).—Matt Moore wearing a wig that may best be described as inadequate in a good picture based on Samuel Merwin's novel.

THE INSIDE OF THE CUP (*Paramount*).—Very biblical and rather dull.

GODLESS MEN (*Goldwyn*).—Just about as biblical and considerably duller.

FOR REVIEW NEXT WEEK.—"The Kid," "The Education of Elizabeth," "The Devil," "Man-Woman-Marriage."

## Turned Back

THE two well-groomed gentlemen in the club window sat down and talked in low monotones of politics and the stock market. Occasionally one of them reached over and carefully deposited a segment of cigar ashes on the gold tray. Up and down the avenue the hurrying crowd of human beings gave a touch of picturesqueness to their discourse. It was as if their reflections were being illustrated by some artist of the purely grotesque. And what were these reflections? Possibly of their homes and their wives, social ladies who drew their mental sustenance from bridge parties.

There was a slight pause, and as if by common consent they leaned back in their soft chairs and gazed silently at the moving procession. Down the street came two figures, sharply differentiated from the rest of the throng. One was that of a tall, awkward young man with store-made clothes. He held his head rather high, but at intervals turned to look down into the eyes of his companion, a young girl with ill-fitting, shabby-looking clothes. The right hand of the young man held tightly the left hand of the girl. Her eyes stole up at his in answer to his look. Utterly oblivious of the rest of the crowd, seeing nothing, blind to everything but the world they had created for themselves, their lips half parted in fatuous smiles, they came on, and on, and disappeared.

The silence of the two men continued. The twilight grew. The cigars had gone out. Finally one man, passing his delicate hand over his temple, shot with gray, said to his companion:



## LIVE AND LET KILL

O, let the dear burglars be!  
Suppose they *do* rob you and me,  
Suppose they *do* kill;  
They are bad, if you will—  
But they have their sweet moments, you see!

"Where do you dine to-night?"

"I thought of going home to dinner, but I'll probably dine here. And you?"

"I thought of going home, too," said the other man, "but if you don't mind, I'll join you here."

T. L. M.

## The Bright Spot

BROWN: I don't know but one good thing about Black.

GREEN: What's that?

BROWN: His opinion of himself.



NELLIE: Goodness, Pa, wait till I call Willie!



"Run, Willie, Pa's fallin' downstairs!"



WILLIE: Gee, I hope I ain't too late.



"Darn it, Pa, why couldn't ye wait till I got here—I'm always missin' something!"

### Evanesence

A RED leaf tossed by an autumn gale,  
The glow of the sunset sky;  
The track of a deer through a snowy trail,  
The flight of a butterfly.  
A cobweb vanishing in the sun,  
An echo from canyons wild;  
A burst of applause for a victory won,  
The laugh of a little child!

Ray H. Gross.

### Save the Poe Cottage

The following sonnet appeared in "The Conning Tower" of the New York Tribune:

#### At the Poe Cottage, Fordham

Let this frail structure fall; it speaks thy shame,  
Thou insolent town through which he walked alone  
And poor—that threw the Pharisaic stone,  
Too dull to value him, too quick to blame.  
He needs not aid of thine to guard his name;  
Through the broad earth his magic words are blown.  
If all thy flaunting marts were overthrown  
To-day, what matter to his unmoved fame?  
From these bare rooms and through this narrow door,  
Clad with a light in which thou hast no part,  
The man has passed long since where never more  
Want may distress, nor sorrow wring the heart.  
Let this house fall, yet no power hast thou o'er  
The enchanted palace of his perfect art.

AGRICOLA STRONG.

We must not "let this frail structure fall." Poe's works have gained an immortality that none of his lowly critics could ever achieve; that is something which not even time can change. But the cottage in which he lived and suffered must be preserved as a memorial to the nobility of the man himself.

The readers of LIFE have responded generously to our appeals; but a great



#### School days



CONJECTURES ON LINCOLN'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE IN EARLY LIFE, AFTER SEEING THE PLAYS ABOUT HIM

deal more money is needed to guarantee that the Poe Cottage shall be saved.

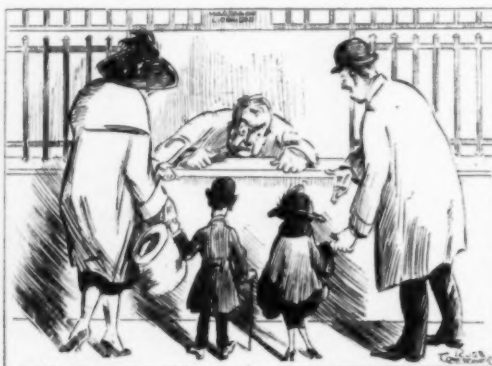
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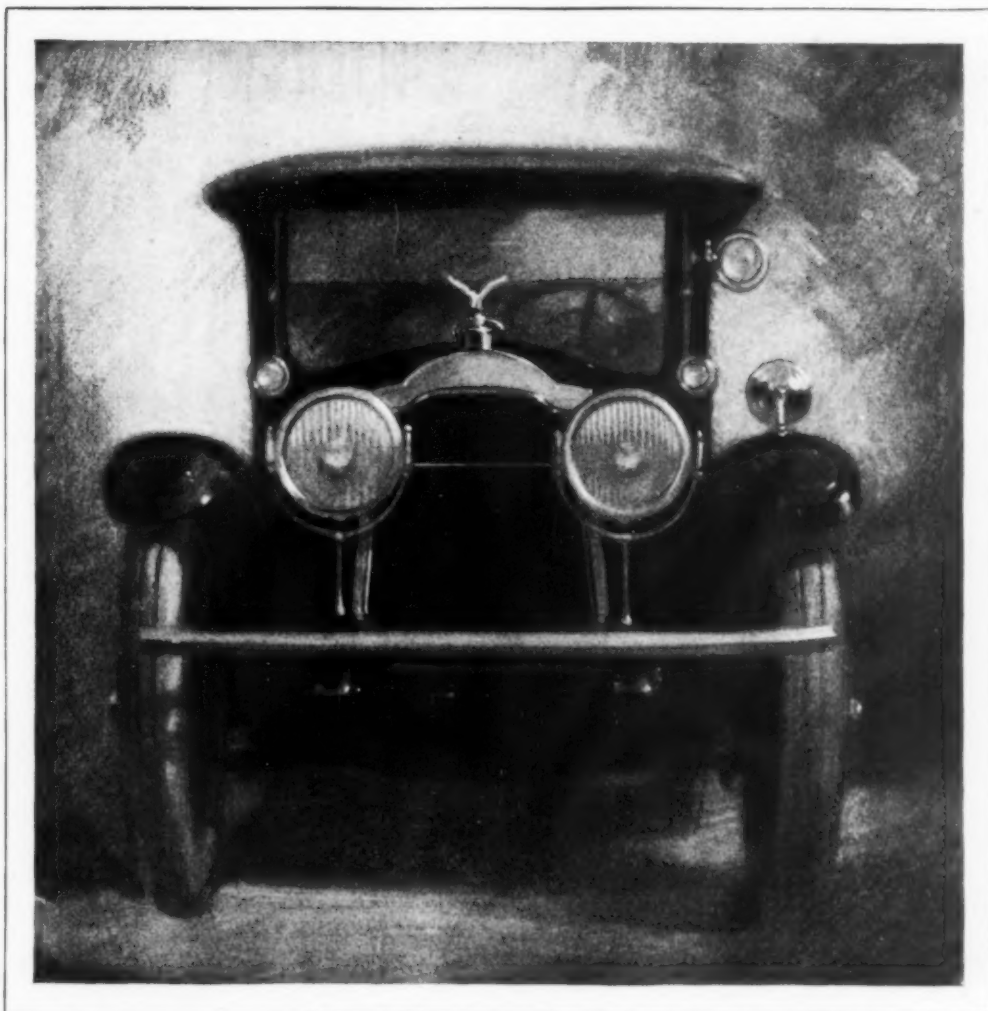


"YOU WANT TO BE MARRIED, BUT WHY TWO LICENSES?"

"OH, THAT'S DIFFERENT."



# P A C K A R D



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## AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

### The Wanderer

Sometimes when people pity me  
I tell them with no rancor  
That for what it costs me to be free  
I might have bought an anchor.  
—Witter Bynner, in *The Nation*.

### By the Way, What Was It?

Now that Mr. Wells has called Napoleon a conceited clown aping the ways of Alexander and Cæsar—quoting Victor Hugo here and there in the process—he may turn to various pages of "Les Misérables" and reread what Hugo said about the Duke of Wellington.—*Kansas City Star*.

### No Science

YOUNG 'UN: I'm taking political economy at college.

OLD 'UN: That's a useless course. Why learn to economize in politics? It's not being done.  
—*Cornell Widow*.

### The Higher Learning

OLD JOSH (who has just purchased stamp): Would yer mind a-stickin' of it on for me, Missie? Oi bain't no scholar.  
—*Punch*.

"How extravagant of you to pay so much for a diamond ring for me!"

"Not at all—I shall save on your glove bills."—*London Opinion*.



### THE MATERIALIST

The Old 'UN: GOOD MORNING, BROTHER, HAD ONLY A SMALL CONGREGATION LAST NIGHT, I BELIEVE?

The Young 'UN: SMALL CONGREGATION, YES. BUT, AH! THE CHURCH WAS FILLED WITH ANGELS AND ARCHANGELS.

The Old 'UN (again): MAYBE, BROTHER, MAYBE. BUT THEY NEVER SEEM TO NOTICE THE COLLECTION-PLATE.

—*Bulletin (Sydney)*.

### The Best 'Ole

A. P. Herbert, English golf expert, thinks golf courses are six holes too long. American golfers think they're one hole too short.  
—*Nashville Tennessean*.

### Household Economy

This is really a very relevant story, says the *Spectator*, apropos of government economy. A man who was badly hit financially decided that he must economize on his household expenditure. He therefore called his family together, laid the situation before them, and asked them to put their heads together and suggest how the household could economize. At breakfast the next morning his family said they had considered the matter very seriously and had come to the conclusion that the only economy they could suggest was that they should use the kitchen matches in the parlor, and that father should work harder.

### Art

"Pa, what's an actor?"

"An actor, my boy, is a person who can walk to the side of a stage, peer into the wings at a group of other actors waiting for their cues, a number of bored stage hands and a lot of theatrical odds and ends and exclaim, 'What a lovely view there is from this window!'"—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

### A Song for Our Banner

Singularly enough, no one has thought to dig up the old college song:

Blue law, blue law! Blue law, blue law!  
For God and country, and Lord's Day Alliance!

—*New York Tribune*.

### Saves Time

All newspapers now keep the line "the bandits escaped in a waiting automobile" in type to put at the bottom of all hold-up stories.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

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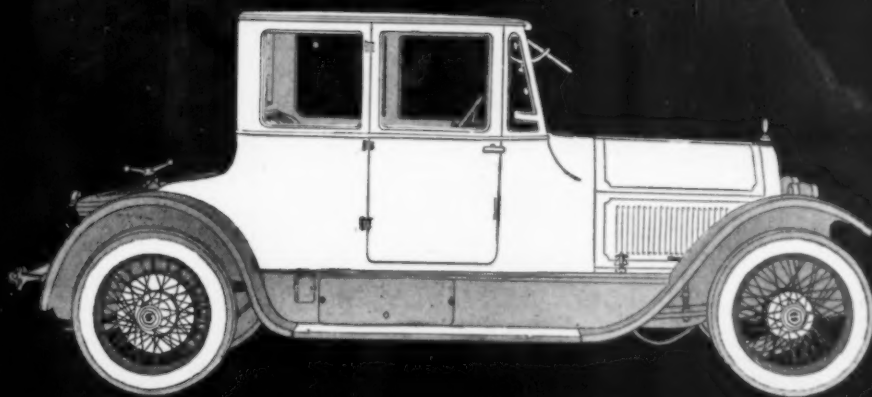
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at once without a quibble. \$145.00  
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Men's Green Gold  
Diamond Ring \$395.00

Fine blue white perfectly cut  
diamond, embedded in solid  
platinum. Ring is hand-carved in Grecian de-  
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3/4 carat -	108.00
1 carat -	145.00
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can be purchased elsewhere for  
less than one-third more.

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white diamonds, set on the  
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fine, blue-white color. The  
ring is solid platinum, exquisi-  
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## OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



### Nomenclature

We'd seen the name of "Betelgeuse,"  
That giant star so far away,  
But didn't know it was a star  
Until we found it out to-day.  
So "Betelgeuse" is just a star!  
We thought it was a Pullman car.

—Brooklyn Eagle.

### Put to the Blush

Two magnificently upholstered women,  
built on generous lines, as the auto ads say,  
were waiting in the theater lobby while the  
crowds streamed by. There came a pretty  
girl, so pretty indeed that everyone turned  
their heads to admire. As she passed the  
two women, one said: "She makes me just  
plain tired."

"I don't know," said the other, "she was  
a most beautiful creature."

"That's just it," replied the first. "I have  
arrived at that stage where a pretty girl is  
a personal insult."—Atlanta Constitution.

### A Wise Judge

In a divorce action in Louisiana (Clark  
vs. Clark, 82 South 875) the Court de-  
cides that a casual spectator at a wedding  
might not be able to identify the groom later  
on, but he could identify the bride, the rea-  
son being that the bride attracts more at-  
tention than does the groom.

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

### A Man of New Importance

FOND WIFE: What are you thinking so  
hard about, Bill?

HUSBAND (just elected member for Rab-  
bitvale by a majority of five): Maria, I was  
just wondering how this misgoverned coun-  
try will get on without me when I'm dead.

—Sydney Bulletin.

### Quick Action

"Dabbs is going to start a matrimonial  
agency."

"What got him going that way?"

"Says he can see great possibilities in  
that business now that photographs can be  
sent by wire."—Buffalo Express.

### Seems Incredible

"Do tell us about the great wild west,"  
said the impressionable young woman.

"You may not believe it," replied the  
tourist, "but I found a little town in  
North Dakota where there was not a single  
motion-picture theatre."

—Birmingham Age-Herald.

### No Answer

Little Bessie, aged five, after calling her  
mother several times during the night and  
receiving no reply, said: "Mother, are you  
really asleep or are you just p'tending you-  
re a telephone girl?"

—Boston Transcript.

### When We Know

KNICKER: How much does an inaugural  
cost?

BOCKER: We can't tell until the term is  
up.—New York Herald.

Genuine



Aspirin

Always say "Bayer"

Unless you see the name "Bayer"  
on tablets, you are not getting genu-  
ine Aspirin prescribed by physi-  
cians for 21 years and proved safe  
by millions. Directions in package.

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facture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

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dentist. For instant aid use Dr. Wernet's.  
Relieves sore gums, sweetens the breath.  
At best Drug or Department Stores, 30c.  
60c, \$1.00 or write direct to  
Wernet Dental Mfg. Co., 114 Beekman St., N.Y.



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and let me see what you can do with  
it. Many newspaper artists earn-  
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# Sure Relief



## Shopping Hints

*From the Other Side of the Counter*

**N**EVER take more than your carfare with you, as you do not intend to buy anything, anyway.

Go only to the big department stores. There is a much larger field of operation there.

Stop at the first counter you come to. If the salesgirl is sitting down, attract her attention by staring at her or clearing your throat loudly. After getting her attention, ask the price of everything in sight.

Never put anything back where you got it. Rummage to your heart's content, then walk away, murmuring, "I'll come back later." Of course you won't come back, but say it, anyway.

Another method is to stand and gaze at things without saying a word. This gets on the nerves, and, if done often enough, will drive any perfectly normal salesgirl insane.

A better way is to start to buy something, and then because of some fancied mistake refuse to accept the article. Glower at the salesgirl as you do this. It will cheer her up.

If possible, always arrive just before closing time. The salesgirl then has her money counted and is ready to put the covers on. In case you buy anything, be sure to hand her a bill of large denomination. She will then have to go to someone else to get it changed, and consequently will get her covers on late.

If these hints prove satisfactory, tell your friends. *P. M. A.*

## LABLACHE

FACE POWDER

When you ask your druggist for Lablache why is it he seldom offers you a substitute? Because he knows there is no better face powder, and that the class of women who use it are satisfied—it's so natural.

**Refuse Substitutes**  
They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 75c. a box, at druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. Send 10c. for a sample box.

**BEN LEVY CO.**  
French Perfumers  
Dept. 104  
125 Kingston St.,  
Boston, Mass.





"Gossip"

## Keep a Kodak Story of the Children

EASTMAN KODAK CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*


### Buying a Pet

"THE last canary I bought only lived two months. Another died in less time than that. I am not getting value for my money."

"Suppose you try a tortoise, mum," suggested the gentlemanly dealer. "They are said to live only four hundred years."

**A**GATHA: What is your little girl studying at school?

BYRDIE: Nothing. She is instructing in English composition.



## The Manor

Albemarle Park  
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A "perfectly charming" English Inn, in the glorious Land of the Sky. Southern hospitality, perfect service, concentrated comfort.

Perfect Golf in a Perfect Climate  
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Make Reservation.

**In America -- An English Inn**

## EUROPE

The incentives to travel abroad have always been many-fold. In addition to the longing for change of environment, rest and recuperation, there is the ever-present desire to see the Old World with its historic scenes, treasures of art and all those many other things worth while.

The field of sport has a special attraction to offer this year in the International Polo Matches which will be played at Hurlingham, England, in June.

Next season's traffic to Europe is likely to be heavy. Reservations should be made early and you should travel by

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Health, comfort and style may be procured by wearing this scientifically constructed health belt, endorsed by physicians, surgeons and satisfied users. Affords a light but durable support. Improves physical appearance; relieves fatigue.

#### A Well-Poised Figure

Protruding stomach, slouching figure indicate discomfort and detract from one's appearance. This condition can be overcome in many cases, and the figure well poised, by wearing a Wonder Health Belt. It releases the tension on the internal ligaments, causes the organs to resume their proper position and function in a normal, healthful way; takes the strain off the back and abdomen so completely that almost instantly you feel a new sense of vigor and strength.

Wonder Health Belts are easy to adjust. Made from a strong light fabric.

**Free Trial** Send for belt on FIVE days' FREE TRIAL. If satisfactory, send us \$2.00. If not, return belt. Give waist measure when ordering.

The Weil Health Belt Co.  
315 Hill St., New Haven, Conn.

DRUGGISTS: Write for proposition



## Rhymed Reviews

Poor White

(By Sherwood Anderson.

B. W. Huebsch, Inc.)

ONE Hugh McVey of lowly blood  
And low Missouri social standing,  
Was born upon a bank of mud  
Denominated "Mudcat Landing."

A lanky, lazy, loafer-lout,  
His hands, his eyes, his brains were muddy,  
Till Sarah Shepard poked him out  
And made him work and wash and study.

Divinely urged, he muddled round, —  
Impelled like gadfly-goaded Io  
From place to place, — until he found  
A berth in Bidwell, South Ohio.

The people there were somewhat free:  
If I should say their conversation  
Was largely mud, I could not be  
Accused of gross exaggeration.

But Hugh, whom women scared away,  
Avoiding cause for reprehension,  
Kept muddling on, till one fine day  
He muddled out a great invention.

By this and more contraptions made  
As rich as mud, he married Clara,  
A daring girl of higher grade  
Who looked, I judge, like Theda Bara.

Ye Scribes of old and recent crops,  
Both male and female of the species,  
The filth of small-town barber shops  
Is not the stuff for Masterpieces!

Oh, Realists of vaunted worth,  
Our peck of dirt's enough to swallow;  
And though there's lots of mud on earth,  
That doesn't mean you have to wallow!

Arthur Guiterman.

### The Love of a Dog

"Man, have you ever been loved by a dog? . . . 'Tis the truest heart in all the world save a woman's, and you do well to study it, having no heart of your own. A poor beast you are if a dog never loved you. Take your pencil and write down on the bit of paper you have there that you've seen the heart of a dog. Write down that you've seen the heart of one who left his own kind to be with you—to fight for you, even against them. Write down that 'tis a good honest heart with red blood in it, that never once failed, and never could fail.

"When a man's mother casts him off, when his wife forsakes him, when his love betrays him, his dog stays true. When he's poor and his friends pass him by on the other side of the street, looking the other way, his dog fares with him, ready to starve with him for very love of him. 'Tis a man and his dog I'm thinking against the whole world."—From "A Spinner in the Sun," by Myrtle Reed.

## Mother Pins Her Faith to Musterole

In days gone by, mother mixed a mustard plaster when father had bronchitis or brother had the croup, but now she uses Musterole. It is better than a mustard plaster.

She just rubs it on the congested spot. Instantly a peculiar penetrating heat begins its work of healing—and without fuss, or muss or blister.

Musterole relieves without discomfort.

The clean white ointment sets your skin a-tingle. First, you feel a glowing warmth, then a pleasant lasting coolness, but way down underneath the coolness, old Nature is using that peculiar heat to disperse congestion and send the pain away.

Made of oil of mustard and a few home simples, Musterole is uncommonly effective in treatment of the family's little ills. It takes the ache out of grandfather's back. It soothes sister's headache. It helps mother's neuralgia.

Mother pins her faith to it as a real "first aid."

She is never without a jar of Musterole in the house.

Many doctors and nurses recommend it. 35c and 65c jars; hospital size \$3.00

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio

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## If Wordsworth Had Written "Lucy" for the Blue Book

New York, N. Y., to Dove Junction.  
 0.0 Columbus Circle, north on Broadway to Yonkers.  
 14.2 Yonkers, bear left on untrodden ways to Dove Springs.  
 17.8 Straight thru to Dove Junction, jog left.  
 18.1 Dove Junction Cemetery, grave of Lucy Gray on right.  
 Tea and Souvenir Postcards at the Lucy Gray Tea House.  
 —F. P. A., in *New York Tribune*.

### Hymning the Premier

The prophet is not always honored in his own country, but a Cymric Bard and a Welsh newspaper have united their forces in praise of the Prime Minister with the following poignant result:

"This is the secret of Lloyd George,  
 He doesn't fear, or drink, or gorge;  
 He bravely does his very best,  
 And boldly leaves to God the rest."

—*London Morning Post*.

### Often Away

"What kind of citizen is Mr. Wadeigh?"  
 "A slacker!"  
 "Eh?"  
 "He leaves town every time a new 'drive' is started."

—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

### Pathos of Distance

There was a young man of Fiume  
 Who said: "As this world is quite roomy  
 This chap emigrates  
 To the United States,  
 Where the outlook is rather less gloomy."  
 —*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

### The Voice With the Smile

A telephone call office has been opened at Mumps Post Office.—Official Notice.  
 SUBSCRIBER: Can you give me Mumps?  
 OPERATOR: No, but I have got a bad cold if that is any use to you.—*Punch*.

### Out of the Question

THE FIRST MAID (observing passer-by):  
 Nice-lookin' feller, that.  
 THE SECOND: Wot? 'Im nice? W'y, 'e's married.—*Sketch (London)*.

It is a mark of the urbanity of English party politics, that the literary work of statesmen is invariably received with respect.  
 —*Nation (London)*.

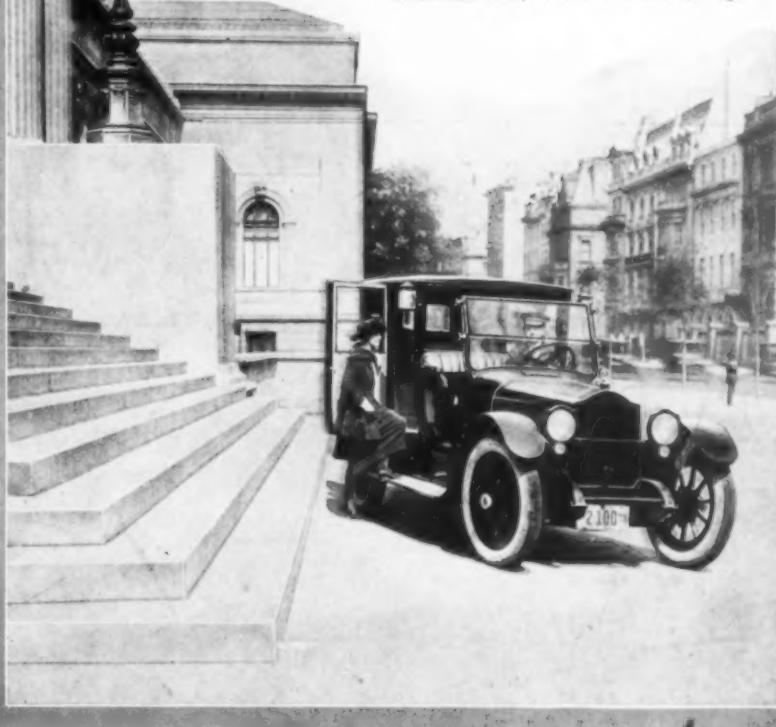


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### The Literary Burbank

In a recent review, the *Spectator* toys with the idea of testing two books by a process of grafting them together:

A Disraeli-Hardy novel. *Sybil the Obscure*, for instance, or *Barchester Towers*—brightened with *The Castle of Otranto*; Miss Richardson's *Tunnel*, mingled with her illustrious namesake's *Pamela*—*Pointed Pamela*; a Sea-Story, half by Captain Marryat and half by Mr. Conrad; *The Midshipman of the Narcissus*, or a Romance by Mr. Henry James and the author of *Tarzan of the Apes*—*Tarzan and the Golden Bowl*.

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